

## The Witcher Oneshots

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# **The Witcher Oneshots**

by [TheRo0ks](#)

## Summary

I'm always open to requests. When I write I do have the game characters in mind rather than the books, or Netflix adaption.

## **The Rose of Temeria <Vernon Roche>**

She fussed with her appearance in the small hand mirror. "You look gorgeous." Ves said rolling her eyes as her friend checked her reflection for the tenth time that night. "Take a shot of liquid courage." Ves offered.

"No, he'll be able to smell it. He'll be able to blame it on the alcohol." She dismissed.

Ves looked surprised, "thinking like a soldier tonight? So what's the game plan?"

Y/N sighed, "I'm going to get him alone, and then just say whatever comes to mind."

"That's it? That's your plan?" Ves inquired with a raise of her brow.

Y/N huffed, "I'm not like you Ves....the more I plan something the more it blows up in my face. It's best if I'm just as surprised as he is by what comes out of my mouth."

A light chuckle came from the blonde, "oh how I love that honest heart of yours."

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Luck appeared to be in her favor, when she caught him exiting the tactical tent. "Commander." She called, stopping him in his tracks.

"Y/N." He said, turning to face her.

"Can I speak to you about a personal matter?" She inquired.

He nodded, his eyes taking in her body language. By the chewing of her lip and the fidgeting of her fingers he could tell she was quite nervous.

"I like you." She blurted, immediately cringing as soon as it came out. She felt like a blushing maiden with that sort of statement.

Vernon Roche raised his eyebrows at the confession. "I think you like the ide-," but she quickly cut him off.

"No, I've thought this through." She said simply. "I've been waiting years to tell you."

"This can't happen." He said flatly.

"Why, because people will talk?" Her brow furrowed, as she felt her heart slowly cracking. "I don't care what people say!" She said quickly.

"Because you deserve better than me!" He said throwing his hands up at her stubbornness. It would be easier for him to bury his feelings if she just walked away.

"That's not true!" She insisted, surprised he would even think that.

"What do you want me to do?" He cried exasperated. "Destroy you?"

"Yes Vernon, I want you to destroy me." Her shoulders were squared. "I want you to absolutely wreck me."

He knew it was impossible to avoid the inevitable. This stubborn woman was determined to follow him to the ends of the earth. A free Temeria or no, it didn't matter to her. She only wanted him.

He never believed anything could compete with his burning love for Temeria. That was until he laid eyes on the fierce, kind hearted woman before him. She was the only soul that could calm the raging storm inside him, but he fought her every minute of the way. Vernon couldn't fathom blackening her pure heart, so he was determined to keep her at arms length.

He had to admit she was absolutely cunning. Smoldering eyes gazing up at him through thick lashes, broke the rest of his resolve.

He found himself pulling her to him. A rough kiss found its mark. He kissed her like a famished man in the desert, drinking from an oasis. No matter how deeply he kissed her, or how tightly he held her, it was never enough.

He pulled her into the nearest tent. Fuck all the consequences, as he hoisted her onto the desk. Markers were sent clattering to the ground, as he pushed her thighs apart. He was in no mood for taking his time. He'd held himself back for years, and tonight he'd be buried in heaven.

Her blouse tore easily as his lips trailed across her exposed skin. His hands mapping the curves of her body, and taking notes of the sinful noises she made.

"Since you like speaking out of turn I want that filthy mouth to tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"I want you to fuck me against this desk." She said, pulling him closer by the chained medallion that adorned his neck, as she dropped into a sultry voice. "I want to see what that infamous rage of yours can really do."

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"Y/N," a frantic voice pulled her from sleep. Her eyes fluttered open, taking in her surroundings. The tent was smaller than hers, but it wasn't lined with cots for the sick and wounded. A luxurious pelt had been carefully tucked around her for warmth.

It all came rushing back to her as the pleasant soreness was felt when she stirred. The table, sneaking back to Roche's tent for a slower, more sensual round.

It was no surprise the Commander was already up, ordering his soldiers around. She slowly sat up, taking care to keep herself covered. "What is it?"

Flustered the man quickly turned. Vernon Roche was not a man to be crossed, and the longer he lingered here with the Commander's latest conquest the higher his chances of experiencing the infamous rage the Commander was known for. "There was a soldier injured in a training exercise. He needs medical assistance."

A small sigh escaped her lips, slow enjoyable mornings were impossible with military life. Especially when men liked to attack each other with pointy sticks. "I'll be there in a moment." She said as the soldier quickly left.

Her body shuttered as soon as her feet touched the ground. She was half tempted to tunnel back into the nice warm cocoon of blankets. She began the tedious work of putting on her pants which included an excessive amount of hopping and shimmying of her hips to pull the tight pants over her ass. She then recalled her shirt was still in the tactical tent shredded in ribbons. She found one of Vernon's billowing shirts in the chest at the foot of the bed. She quickly pulled it on tucking the front of the shirt into the front of her pants before lacing the pants. The shirt was too big for her (petite/curvy/lean) frame. The collar kept slipping off one of her shoulders, but she decided it would have to do. She made the bed as quickly, and as neatly as she could. Before trotting over to the infirmary tent.

She set to work rolling the large sleeves up as she approached the cot. "What happened?" She inquired, taking in the large soldier who was gripping his left arm.

"The bastard sliced me, that's what it was." He gritted through the pain.

His comrade huffed, "I didn't mean to!"

"Let me take a look." She said leaning over the man to inspect the wound. Gently she rotated his arm, before pressing a cloth to the wound. It's deep, it'll need stitches." She said simply, as she reached for her suture kit. "I'll let your captain know that you shouldn't be using that arm until the stitches heal."

"Commander won't like that." The man murmured. She took a seat next to the man as she threaded the needle.

"I will speak to him directly then." She said simply.

"Work your magic on him, eh?" He said nudging her, soliciting a frown from her.

"This may hurt a bit." She said pouring some alcohol on the wound. His wince in pain felt like a small amount of payback for his earlier words.

She knew what she was getting herself into when she slept with Roche. The comments were exactly what she was expecting. Most likely the men would tease her, the higher ups may walk on eggshells around her, and look at her with a bit of disgust believing that she slept her way to the top.

She had come to the conclusion that it didn't matter what others thought. If she was happy, and if Roche was happy that was enough for her.

She quickly tied off the stitches. "I'll speak to your Captain as soon as I finish in here." She said dismissing the two soldiers.

"Ignore them." A female voice said from the corner of the room.

Y/N practically jumped out of her boots. "Ves, you scared me." She reasoned, relaxing when she noticed the blonde.

"I haven't seen him this happy in years." She commented, wrapping a bandage around a minor wound.

Y/N leaned against a table, "I hadn't seen him this morning." She admitted.

Ves smiled, "well I believe he'd be very disappointed to miss you in his shirt."

A small blush bloomed on her cheeks, "I didn't have any other options..."

A light laugh was pulled from Ves's lips, "and you don't think that was tactically planned?"

Y/N's eyes light up with understanding at Ves's words.

"Roche is always plotting, he's very good at getting exactly what he wants." She said with a shrug. She gave Y/N's shoulder a friendly pat as she exited the tent.

Ves was right. Y/N was almost positive no one had seen them last night. He'd pulled her to his tent. He wasn't so love drunk that he wouldn't have realized her tent would have been less suspicious. Someone had told that soldier where to find her this morning. If she wasn't mistaken then Roche wasn't planning on this being a one night thing, or some secret affair. Vernon Roche wanted everyone to know who she belonged to. For who would dare cross the Commander of the Blue Stripes?

She couldn't deny that this was exactly what she wanted. A relationship with the man, but she felt foolish that it never crossed her mind that he could be so cunning both on and off the battlefield. He was an intelligent man, and she felt like a foolish girl who followed her heart wherever it deemed to carry her.

"I can hear you thinking from over here." Vernon's voice cut through her train of thought.

"You and Ves really should announce yourselves." She said with a frown soliciting a chuckle from him.

He was quick to take her in his arms again, pressing a chaste kiss to her lips. His eyes flickering down to the shirt exposing her shoulder. Calloused fingers ran across the soft skin. "I knew you'd look absolutely sinful in this." His voice murmured.

"Vernon?" Her voice came soft.

His eyes flickered up at her, flooded with concern. "Is everything alright?" He inquired. "No one has given you trouble have they?" His eyes instantly burning with the need to fight and protect.

"Just some teasing," she admitted before quickly continuing on. "Nothing I can't handle."

His eyes softened a little at her words, "then what's the matter?"

"You're so cunning, intelligent, and I'm just...me." She said softly. "I worry one day you'll realize I'm just a foolish woman, who follows her heart too easily." She said looking away.

"Having a soft heart in a cruel world is very rare," he said, turning her to look at him. "I try to make Temeria a better place with my plotting, and fighting, but you..." He paused to tuck a piece of hair behind her ear. "You use that sweetness to soften the hearts of men." He said simply. "I've watched many take advantage of that sweetness, but to remain kind after being hurt is a different kind of courage."

A shy smile crossed her lips, as she pulled him in for a kiss. "Vernon Roche, I had no idea you were the romantic type."

"I have something for you." He said reaching into a large pouch at his side. He pulled out a small bundled cloth. He unwrapped the cloth revealing a short stemmed rose. Yellow stained the delicate petals. Her eyes widened as she picked up a soft flower. Its petals still fragrant. As she inhaled its sent her eyes flutter shut for a moment.

He scratched the back of his neck, "I've always thought of you as the rose of Temeria." A bashful, boyish look came over his features. "I saw it while I was training this morning." He rambled on, his cheeks slowly flushing.

A warm smile graced her lips. The thought of the Commander cutting a flower, and then taking his time to delicately wrap it gave her butterflies. She cut off his rambling with her lips.

"Y/N, oh!" A couple shoulders echoed. "Commander, I'm so sorry." They said quickly, standing at attention.

"Meet me at my tent tonight." Vernon murmured against her ear, before pressing a quick kiss to her jaw.

"At ease soldiers." He said passing them by, leaving whatever medical mess for Y/N to look after. She placed the rose in a narrow necked bottle, before turning to the men. "What have you gotten yourselves into this time?"

# Scars <Eskel Soulmate AU>

## Chapter Summary

Request: "Could you so an Eskel/reader with a soulmate AU? Maybe where soulmates have the same scars. Pretty please?"

Sorry it took so long. This fic has been sitting finished for several months, but I couldn't decide if I liked it enough to post. I've never done a soulmate AU, so this was a fun challenge! Anyways, I hope you enjoy! :D

As always, requests are open!

Her claws wracked the side of his face. He'd been trying to avoid this meeting, but fate seemed to always have it's way. He was a fool for invoking the law of surprise all those years ago, and an even bigger fool for running from fate.

Looking up at the young girl, he had nothing in his heart but hate. The way she glowered at him he had no doubts she returned his sentiments.

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A cry escaped her as flesh tore. Her hands shot out to grab her cheek. Blood ran freely down her jaw covering her neck. Horrified at the sight of crimson she helplessly tried to staunch the blood flow. The mage in front of her had his back pressed against the wall. Nothing but horror filled his eyes. This was not how the negotiations with Kaedwen were supposed to go. By the look on his face he hadn't attacked her, or cursed her. He fled the room as the pain seared across her cheek.

At some point she recalled being taken to a nurse for treatment, who was only able to bandage the wound, and send the sorceress on her way.

None of the healers could speed up the process of healing. The wound seemed to be healing on its own time. When it finally did heal, she was left with several jagged scars that even ran down her lips. When she looked in the mirror she was horrified by what she saw.

She seeked out Yennefer of Vengerberg's powers. If anyone could heal the scars it was her. Very few were close to equal with Yennefer's abilities.

"I cannot fix this." Yennefer declared, her eyes filling with pity. "This is the mark of a soulmate...and nothing can change fate."



"You were so beautiful." Kiera Metz's voice came softly. Y/N could not fathom the pity filled look she received. Her reflection showed several claw mark's adorned her face. They were raised and red.

Beauty wasn't everything she tried to tell herself, but she knew finding a lover would be impossible. Even her so-called soulmate would want nothing to do with her.

Yennefer gripped her shoulder, "beauty isn't everything."

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"What happened to her?" Geralt inquired, his cat eyes falling on the familiar scars that adorned her face.

"It's a sad story." Triss sighed. "She used to have a beautiful face." Triss began, "the kind of face that makes king's launch wars over."

"Prettier than Yen?"

Triss nodded, "she had a softness, a warmth that Yennefer lacked. It drove men absolutely mad." She mused. "One day during negotiations, her face just tore open. It was the damndest thing."

"When?" Geralt inquired, observing the (h/c).

Triss tapped her chin recounting the years, "it had to have been about 20 years ago...give or take a few years."

"Hmmm." Geralt said, catching the woman's (e/c) eyes. She offered him a soft smile from across the room. He gave her a nod, his eyes tracing the scars that lined her lip. They were uncanny to Eskel's.

"No mage or sorceress could heal her." Triss added. "Apparently soulmate scars work differently, it's a power we know little of."

"Soulmate scars? I thought that was an old wives tale." Geralt asked, startled.

"So did I, but the circumstances of how she acquired them...well there is no other explanation for it." She said with a shrug as she took a sip of wine. "I spoke with the mage that witnessed it. His account was hard to discredit."

"The amount of scars a Witcher acquires, well it's hard to put much stock in the idea." Geralt said, taking another drink of his ale.

Triss waved the woman over, "whatever man acquired those, it must have been hell for him from what Y/N described."

"Y/N, this is Geralt." Triss introduced, "he's taken an interest in your scars." She said leaving the two to get acquainted

Her hand immediately shot up to her face covering the scars. "Forgive me for prying," Geralt began, "I have a friend who has similar scars."

Y/N's eyebrows raised, "is he a Witcher too?"

Geralt nodded, "sounds like he got those scars around the time you did."

"That would explain the pain..." Y/N mumbled, sitting at the table. "I'm very sorry for your friend, I know how he feels." She began a small frown pulling at her face. "No matter how kind you are, people tend to avoid things they can't explain."

"Well, I have reason to believe he may be the answer to those scars."

She shook her head, "even so he wouldn't want to see me." (E/c) eyes flickered up at his feline gaze. "I know exactly how I look Geralt. Kings stopped requesting my presence as soon as they saw my face, the lodge will not send me out diplomatically in case another scar decides to show up." Her jaw was set, "I'm quite positive your Witcher friend would not care to see me."

Geralt nodded, "if you change your mind let me know."

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Winters were perfect for catching up with his brother in arms. Geralt had debated keeping the scarred woman's existence a secret, but ultimately he decided that it was Eskel who should decide.

He broke the news a few weeks into their stay. He'd made sure Vesemir was in the room. If anyone would have more knowledge on the subjects of soulmates it would be the old Witcher.

"I met a sorceress this past fall." Geralt began, soliciting a scoff from Vesemir.

"Did you bed her too?" The grey haired man asked. Soliciting a soft smile from Eskel as he turned the page of his book.

"No, but she had some interesting scars." Geralt commented.

Eskel's eyes shot up, his hand automatically scratching at the scars that lined his lips. "A sorceress who chose not to have them healed? That's unheard of. They tend to be a vain bunch." Vesemir said thoughtfully.

"They tried, but scars involving soulmates is another thing." Geralt peaked up at Eskel to gauge his reaction. The Witcher had stiffened, listening intently.

"Soulmates," Vesemir mused. "That is a very rare phenomenon. I can't say I've ever heard of two soulmates actually finding each other."

"Hmm, I saw the scars with my own eyes. Three claw marks on the side of the jaw." Eskel dropped his book.

"Appeared out of nowhere about twenty years ago." Geralt added. "If I hadn't been mistaken by the pair of tits I would have thought it was Eskel."

Eskel's cleared his throat, "it's a coincidence."

"Maybe, but I don't think so."

"Perhaps it's fate forcing you to make things right?" Vesemir in his infinite wisdom had a point. Much to Eskel's dismay.

"If it's fate we'll run into each other." Eskel dismissed.

"Eskel, you can't outrun fate." Vesemir began, "look what happened to you last time."

Geralt sighed, "I didn't tell you this to feel trapped by fate. I thought you had a right to know, I also think you have a right to tell destiny to fuck off if you want."

Eskel seemed to relax a bit, "was she attractive?"

Geralt nodded, "scars and all. Triss says she was once prettier than Yen." He hesitated, "there is something else you should know..."

Eskel leaned forward curiosity getting the better of him.

"She doesn't think you'd wish to see her."

A frown pulled at the dark haired Witcher's lips. He knew all too well what it was like to carry those scars.

Eskel had once been considered a handsome man. He'd never had a hard time finding a lover, and people used to be friendlier. After he acquired the scars, brothels were the only place he could find pleasure, the contracts he took the people looked on him as if he were a feral beast.

"Go talk to her." Lambert's voice echoed through the hall.

"What have I told you about eavesdropping?" Vesemir asked, turning to the youngest Witcher.

"Ah, can it old man." Lambert said, waving him off. "You're always saying you want a lover. If she really is your soulmate, even she can't turn you down."

That was just like Lambert, to throw his opinion out there regardless if it was welcome or not. "I thought you opposed Geralt bringing visitors to Kaer Morhen. You really want me to bring someone too?"

"If it'll get you laid, I'm willing to take one for the team."

Vesemir rubbed his temples, no one could get on his nerves like the younger Witcher. Bold and brash, Lambert had a tendency to speak without thinking things through. It seemed the mutations could not quell the passion for living that burned inside.

“You have time. Destiny can wait.” Geralt said downing the rest of his ale. “Think on it.” He said, patting Eskel’s shoulder before heading upstairs for the evening.

Vesemir and Lambert were quick to follow, leaving Eskel alone with his thoughts. He turned to the many shelves that lined the wall. The bookshelves had been moved years ago when the library had decayed enough that Vesemir didn't trust it to house his precious tomes. If anyone were to have a book on the subject of soulmates, it would be the old man.

The book was thin and covered in years of dust. Eskel brushed the cover off. The letters had worn off, but the faint engraving of the title could be seen, Love Potions, Relationships, and Soul Mates. Eskel flipped to the title page, how to tell if they're the one, potions to make them fall in love, and tips turning that crush into love.

A small chuckle escaped Eskel's lips. He wondered when the old Witcher had picked this up, and who he was trying to woo. The table of contents indicated the chapter on soulmates started on page 69.

"Soulmates were fated by the gods. The oldest known magic, but very little have studied it. Soulmates could be confirmed by matching scars. It has been speculated that when one soul receives the mark their kindred soul receives it as well.

It is unknown why the other soul experiences the same wound, and pain. Some scholars assume it is to bound the two souls in a mutual understanding.

Soulmate bonds used to be very common, but the emergence of alchemy, and sorcery has made the magic almost extinct.

Soulmate bonds typically occur during strange phenomena such as blood moons, eclipses, solstices, etc.

There have been instances where soulmates have argued that they were fated to meet.

Eskel flipped the page, but the next chapter was regarding a love potion. He took care placing the book back on the shelf.

He let his mind wander as he trudged up the stairs to his room. Having someone to hold on nights like this wouldn't be unwelcome.

The room was silent, the fire had turned to embers. He threw another log on coaxing it back to life with Igni. The only thing in the room that indicated someone lived in it were stacks of books, and his weapons laid on a long, narrow table.

He toed off his boots and sat on the edge of the low bed. He wanted to laugh at Geralt for suggesting such an idea. He wanted to tell Vesemir that destiny could go to hell. He wanted Lambert to realize that no one would ever want him, but most of all he wanted it to be true.

Of course he wanted someone to love him, but how the hell could he accept a love like that? If he couldn't love the scars on his face how could he expect someone else to? The questions raised in his mind, but Lambert's voice rang in the back of his mind if she is your soulmate, even she can't turn you down.

Perhaps that was the ember that sparked hope in his heart.

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The lodge trusted her with an alchemy shop. It seemed even she couldn't fuck that up. The once brilliant negotiator was now grinding, mixing and drying herbs. The shop bell jingled indicating a customer. "I'll be with you in a moment."

"Take your time."

She dried her hands on her apron, as she turned to face the deep voice. Her eyes widened at the sight of him. The scars that lined his lips were identical to hers.

"I'm sorry. This is my fault." He began as her hand shot up to cover the scars.

"I told Geralt you wouldn't want to see me." She said turning away from the dark haired Witcher.

He was quick to reach out to her, "no you're beautiful...no beautiful isn't the right word..it's not enough to describe you." Eskel breathed taking in her soft (e/c) eyes. "A choice I made hurt you." Eskel's voice was thick with shame, "and you've had to live with that."

She took him in, and her fingers traced the scars that lined his face. "Perhaps it's not all bad."

Eskel's heart fluttered at the prospect. She had yet to turn him away, and he dared to let his heart hope.

"These scars led me to you."

## Timing <Vernon Roche>

### Chapter Summary

My Vernon Roche obsession continues...

The edge of the bar dug into her back as she pressed against it. Soldiers were shouting over card games, while others were caught up in the thrill of their dice roll. Catching the glass of Temerian Rye the bartender slid her way she took a few sips. The Commander leaned over the bar ordering a second round. Blue linen brushed her arm as he turned to settle next to her. “None of the men interest you?” He inquired, nudging her smaller frame with his shoulder.

A blush threatened to bloom on her cheeks. “I wouldn’t say that.” She mumbled, taking a sip of the burning liquid.

Chip. Chip. Chip. (E/C) eyes flickered over to Roche’s hands as he sparked up a pipe. The scent of tobacco flooding her senses. (Y/N) opened her mouth to say something more, but Ves’s voice called from a table by the fire. “Commander! (Y/N)! Up for a round of Gwent?”

A smile pulled at the corner of her lips as she sauntered over to the table. Taking a seat at the table she grabbed the Northern Realms deck sorting through the cards. Vernon took a seat next to Ves. Smoke filled the air as the pair laid cards down in silence. “Torrential Rain?” Ves whined, throwing her cards down. “Pass.” She grumbled, picking up the coin they were using to keep track of rounds.

(Y/N) drew another card as the round winner, before laying a hero card down. “Geralt of Rivia.” Ves mused, lost in pleasant memory.

A fine brow crooked up at Ves, “I take it there's a story?” (Y/N) inquired, her eyes flickering down to the painted portrait of the White Wolf.

“Let’s just say the stories about Witcher stamina are completely true.” A loud coughing came from Roche as he sat his glass of ale down.

“Fuck, I’ll toast to that.” (Y/N) said, with a tilt of her glass. Vernon looked at them incredulously, “when, how?” His words were jumbled before he cut himself off. “I don’t want to know.” He mumbled, waiving Ves off.

“But I do, spill.” (Y/N) said leaning forward, eager to be privy to Ves’ information.

A mischievous smile appeared on Ves’ porcelain face. “Well for starters, three rounds wouldn’t sate him.” A small giggle escaped her lips, as she took in Vernon’s tense shoulders

as he inhaled the smoke from his pipe.

“And you...” (Y/N) trailed off.

“Came?” Ves finished for her. “Every single round.”

“Damn.” (Y/N) said, throwing another card down. “Maybe I should find a Witcher.” Ves gaped at the board, “did you really just distract me, so you could win at Gwent?”

A smirk appeared on (Y/N)’s lips. “I saw an advantage and took it.” Ves’ eyes flickered between Vernon and the board as (Y/N) made her way to the bar for another round. “She’s ruthless.”

Chocolate eyes watched her at the bar as a soldier sidled up next to her. Wooden chair legs scraped against the floor as his legs carried him over to the bar. “Commander.” The soldier said, surprised by his presence.

“You’re dismissed.” His smoldering gaze locking on her wide eyes. The young soldier was quick to scurry away leaving the two alone. “You’re cunning.” He stated, taking a step closer. Her heart thudded in her chest at his proximity. She wasn’t sure if it was the alcohol contorting her vision, or if Vernon Roche was blatantly checking her out. “Any man worth a damn can give you three rounds.” He added, his breath fanning her neck. His thumb ghosted against her chin tilting her head up to his gaze, “especially when that woman is you.”

“Commander?” In an instant Vernon Roche had crossed the room, as if nothing had happened. (Y/N)’s jaw went slack, as her eyes followed the outline of his broad back. Her eyes shifted over to the table Ves had occupied. The blonde was caught up in another game of Gwent with a medic. (Y/N) stumbled out of the tavern into the night air, hoping the cold air would give her some clarity to the situation. She could chalk it up to the drink. Perhaps it would be best if she returned to her tent.

Vernon’s chocolate eyes snapped toward the door when he heard it close. He cursed himself as he bit down on the pipe stem. Usually he was able to keep a tight lid on his thoughts, but lately he found words slipping from his tongue in (Y/N)’s presence. He definitely didn’t mean to admit to the more primal urges he felt for her. He could blame it on the alcohol, but the truth was he hadn’t even finished his second beer. He was stone cold sober when it slipped out. Leaning against a wooden pillar he watched a dice game without his eyes actually seeing. He wasn’t sure what was holding him back from fully expressing his feelings.

Ves studied Vernon for a moment before deciding to speak, “it’s obvious you like her.” A sharp look that would cut most soldiers to the core met her cornflower eyes. “Just go for it. She’s crazy about you.” Ves added. “Trust me.”

He lingered in his thoughts. After a few puffs of smoke he made his way back to camp. Making up his mind he would express his true feelings he followed the path to her tent. Outside the small tent he called her name. There was no reply, and no sound came from the inside of the tent. Peeking inside he saw her curled up on the cot asleep. She hadn’t even bothered removing her boots.

Taking a seat at the edge of her bed he unlaced the boots setting them next to her cot. Grabbing a quilt he tucked it over her. Candlelight illuminated her features, and Vernon took the opportunity to study her face. He hadn't noticed how thick her lashes were, or how long her hair was. Most of the time she had it pulled up, so it didn't interfere with her daily tasks. He made his way to the candle before blowing it out.

"I'll tell you later." His deep voice settled in the tent as he left her to sleep in peace.

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It was another campsite in the middle of Temeria. (Y/N) crested the hill, eyes bright, her assumption was correct. A blanket of stars littered the sky. Pulling the thin blanket from her satchel she spread it on the grass. Leaning back on her hands she took in the night sky.

"Am I interrupting?" Ves's voice hissed from the tree line, soliciting a smile from (Y/N).

"Care to join?" (Y/N) asked, scooting over on the blanket. Ves jumped up excitedly, practically pulling the Commander of the Blue Stripes up the hill behind her.

Both of them smelled strongly of alcohol and smoke. They'd joined the others at the tavern earlier before trekking into the valley to find her. Ves offered her a bottle, but (Y/N) waved her off. Ves shrugged, taking a long pull from the bottle before handing it to Vernon.

"Why do you wander off by yourself?" Ves inquired, tilting her head in (Y/N)'s direction.

(Y/N) shrugged, "I like the silence." Truth was she came out here to contemplate her thoughts. She still wasn't sure if she'd imagined the words Roche had said to her at the bar. He hadn't acted differently the next morning, so she assumed she'd made it up in her drunken haze, but some part of her told her it had all been real. "I can hear myself think."

Ves grew quiet, "what do you think about?"

"Sometimes it takes me time to process how I feel, or why I feel it."

Vernon's brow furrowed. Logic ruled his decision making, he rarely let his feelings intervene. Which is why he made such an excellent commander. (Y/N) had always been reserved in his presence, but he wanted to know what ran across her mind everyday. Part of him hoped he held a place deep in her thoughts. "What does your instinct tell you?" Vernon asked, leaning closer to her. Y/N felt his fingers touch her's, but he made no move to retract his hand, or offer a half hearted excuse.

Ves had wandered off at some point. Tired of watching the longing stares, she was determined to push the two together. Both too stubborn to make the first move, Ves saw no harm in speeding the process along.

(Y/N)'s eyes widened. He knew what had clouded her mind as of late. She'd been mulling his words over for weeks trying to decide if she'd heard him right, and here he was confirming



what she already knew. “Did you actually mean that?” She inquired, “what you said at the tavern.”

Vernon’s deep chuckle sounded like honey in her ears, “I mean everything I say.” Chocolate eyes flickered over to her, “you’re everything I’m not. Warm, kind, and gods that smile.” He brought his thumb up to run down her soft lips.

“You’re drunk,” she murmured, hypnotized by his gaze.

The corner of his mouth pulled into a half smile, “that doesn’t mean it isn’t true.”

“I can’t take advantage of you. It goes against my honor.” She teased, nudging him with her shoulder.

He let out a wolfish laugh at the thought of her taking advantage of him. “Fair enough.” He conceded, “we’ll get the timing right. Eventually.”

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Vernon Roche had headed straight for her tent as soon as Ves gave him news of the ambush. His blood felt thick pumping through his veins as he played out the different scenarios in his brain.

His keen ears almost missed the muffled sobs coming from her tent. Ducking inside the tent he found her face buried in her hands, as sobs wracked her body. Ves had told him she’d been the only one to survive the ambush. She’d dragged another soldier back to the Medical tent, but he’d died as soon as they got him on the table.

“You did everything you could.” His words were soft, afraid anything else might startle her as he took a seat next to her.

Jumping at the sound of his voice she wiped at her eyes, “I’m sorry Commander, I-.”

“Vernon...just call me Vernon.” He said, gently coaxing her to sit back down. “I didn’t come here as your Commander.” Soft eyes took her in, she’d been through hell in the past 24 hours, and the only thing he wanted to do was hold her. “I was worried about you.” He confessed, “I just needed to see you. To know you were safe.”

(Y/N) leaned against him, “can you hold me?”

Vernon nodded, pulling her close. He smoothed her hair. “You feel everything so deeply,” he murmured, “you don’t have to carry it alone.”

Pulling back slightly, she gazed up into his chocolate eyes. “Are you saying that you want me?”

Vernon Roche nodded, gently caressing her jaw with her thumb, “I’m saying that I love you.”

She pulled him into a deep kiss, before settling into him. He pressed a soft kiss to the top of her head, pulling her close once more. Content he finally got the timing right.

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